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TUESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1914.

Keep in touch with home news during vacation by reading The Times-Dispatch

The Reserve Board Complete

THE Senate's action in confirming the appointment of Delano and Warburg to the Federal Reserve Board completes the organization of that body, and leaves the way clear for the early placing into operation of the new currency system. It is high time. The jealousies of a few Democratic Senators, aided by partisans of other than the Democratic party, have delayed the organization of the system, and the country has suffered. Following the partial victory they gained by causing Mr. Jones to withdraw, and sensing the storm of disapproval throughout the whole country caused by their action, these obstructionists wisely decided to surrender to the administration, and agree to Mr. Warburg's confirmation.

Bristow's Defeat

THE defeat of Senator Bristow in the Republican primaries of Kansas proves that irritability, a nagging disposition, an unwillingness to credit any other with honesty of motives, do not constitute the best political armament. Senator Bristow is a man not without ability and not lacking in sincerity, but his persistent opposition to everything not fathered by himself and to everybody not attached to his train was not calculated to earn for him a devoted following. Besides aiding in his defeat, it robbed him of all influence in Congress, and left Kansas almost unrepresented in the Senate. His defeat will cause little regret, even among those who hate standpatism, and would naturally rejoice at the success of a progressive Republican.

Germany's Sympathizers Protest

IT was inevitable that men of German ancestry living in the United States should be hotly resentful of the general trend of the opinion of the press and public in this country concerning the European tragedy that is now unfolding its horrors. Much of what is best in this republic is due to the German element of our population, but that fact has no bearing on the American view of an unnecessary and cataclysmic war.

Nowhere outside of the Fatherland itself can the German people be held in higher esteem than they are in the United States. They are valued so highly in this country that antagonism to the German people is impossible here. The criticism in public and private is of the German government's theory that the ruler is an irresponsible delegate from God, and, therefore, has divine sanction for ordering war. It is the making of the people voiceless that causes American opinion to take a course repugnant to the German viewpoint. The opinion is very general in this country that if the true voice of Germany could be heard, it would be heavily against war.

As for the newspapers "coloring" news, that is an absurdity. Our fellow citizens of German extraction should know that to the extent that is possible under the rigorous German censorship, every word from German sources is being printed by every well-served daily newspaper in the United States.

The Higher Patriotism

THE story published by The Times-Dispatch a few days ago telling of the patriotism exhibited by a Richmond German, who, being in Germany, volunteered as a soldier in the army of the Kaiser, and cabled his son and daughter to return to aid the Fatherland, one as a soldier and the other as a Red Cross nurse, can probably be duplicated in its essentials in many instances. It is a story which illustrates a general condition, which is the unfaltering devotion of all Germans to their country. It is an inspiring story, and that there are many like it makes all of us, wherever placed our sympathies in this war, admire and respect the German.

But it would be far better for Germany and for all the nations of the earth if that patriotism, of which no peoples have a monopoly, were exhibited in another war. It would be far better if men accounted it more patriotic and more glorious to save their country from war than to fight to the death after war had been declared. It would be far better for them to fight with pen, word and influence for peace as eagerly and as enthusiastically as they fight the armed enemies of the Fatherland. It would be less warlike, and about it would be thrown less glamour, but it would be more patriotic.

The monuments of the past were reared to the armed patriot. History tells of their military exploits, and, while men have been honored for statesmanship and beloved, at times, for their efforts to maintain peace, the men who won battles have been glorified and almost deified. More often than not those who lifted their voice for peace have been vilified and denounced as traitors and cowards. We had an illustration in this country recently. They who engaged in it were few, but their voices were loud and strident in accusing President Wilson and Secretary Bryan of cowardice and lacking in patriotism, because they refused to be driven into war without just cause. But the result also justified the prophecy that some day the men who work successfully for peace will be honored with and above those who acquit themselves with courage in war. It justifies the prophecy because many who spoke iffy of the attitude of the administration, now freely acknowledge their error, and the great mass of people are to-day, in the light of events in Europe, giving thanks to the Almighty that such men as Wilson and Bryan were at this nation's helm during the crisis through which we have just passed. They are honored here and abroad.

Kaiser Wilhelm is not so honored abroad, and it is safe to say that in Germany his name will not be as highly held, even by his loyal subjects, as it would have been had he so managed as to bring Germany through the troubles to peace. Patriots are dying for him to-day, and think they are dying for the Fatherland. They cheer his name in the streets of Berlin and Bremen to-day. To-morrow they will judge him more soberly.

News Faking Not in Demand

WHEN the Secretary of War sustained the decree deporting a faking newspaper correspondent from Vera Cruz, he struck a shrewd blow in behalf of honest newspapers. The newspaper faker belongs to a past age, and a market for his spurious wares no longer exists.

There must always be more or less elaboration or amplification in journalism, for the constant narration of nothing but dry facts would be extremely uninteresting, and would not attract or hold attention. But there is a wide gulf fixed between the legitimate handling of news, on the one hand, and bald lying and misrepresentation, on the other. In the first place, when a newspaper fakes knowingly and unscrupulously, it is obtaining money under false pretenses, since its readers buy it, not for the canards, but for the truth that it contains. Such a course also injures its prestige, for a newspaper, like a man who lies habitually, soon comes to be discredited.

The lying newspaper is in itself an injury to every honest paper in the land—it puts a stigma and suspicion upon them. People are not as yet familiar enough with the processes of newspaper making to be able nicely to distinguish between the sheep and the goats, and the sheep must, therefore, still suffer to a certain extent for the transgressions of the goats.

The deportation at Vera Cruz will do good; it will stiffen the backbone of every honest newspaper man in the country, and enhance the reputation of every newspaper that refuses to indulge in hysterical theatrics or insincerities for the temporary boosting of circulation. And, in the long run, the man himself will profit. He will find, and it is to be hoped that his employers and abettors will find, that "tainted news" is not wanted in this day of candid and honest publicity.

America, a Big Factory

IT is America, and not England, that ought to be the great factory for the whole world.

That lesson is borne in by the demoralization of commerce and traffic and business generally incident to the European crisis.

Our two far-flung coast lines could not possibly be blockaded by any world nation in the event of a foreign war. Given the ships, we could always and under any conditions make shift to keep commerce going, to supply the nations, provided our navy were big enough to protect a swollen merchant marine.

The isolated position of this country is its greatest advantage, from the standpoint of foreign imbroglios, and our keeping aloof from them. We could continue with our industrial pursuits, free of outside interference, while the remainder of the world was warring madly.

We have the raw resources also, and the power, and the transportation facilities, in the domestic sense. In the way of cotton alone, we ought to spin every pound brought forth in this country. We are forfeiting huge profit by not so doing. The opening of the Panama Canal will increase our favorable handicap.

Other materials, too, food and clothing, offer in abundance. There is plenty of wild land not yet brought under the subjection o. the plow. There are iron ore deposits of touched and waterpower unbridled. If all these resources were to-day intensively developed, and if we had a sufficient merchant marine, we could be reaping great profit and be wholly independent of trouble abroad.

A consoling thought is that great upheavals, such as the one we now face, are always followed by great industrial development. That will afford us our chance to become the factory for civilization.

Shop Early for Coal

ALREADY it is apparent that the ill wind sweeping over Europe has blown good to at least one of America's industrials. There is a vastly increased demand for American coal, both in this country and abroad. One prominent Richmond agency states that its sales within the last few weeks have exceeded by more than 50,000 tons those for a corresponding period last year.

It was suggested in these columns yesterday that the cutting off of South America from European ports would open up another field for American enterprise. This has been sustained by the report that the republics to the southward are making every effort to arrange for large importations of American coal, and when it is realized that British shipments into South America of that indispensable commodity have amounted annually to something over 6,000,000 tons, while America has contributed only some 250,000 tons, the field seems practically unlimited.

The moral to be drawn by householders from this, assuming that the war will continue for a considerable length of time, is—shop early and avoid the rush!

Don't forget that "Wilson Wins" is still a good headline to keep standing. Warburg has been confirmed and the trades commission bill has passed the Senate.

Those people who strenuously insisted that the death of a few marines at Vera Cruz was war can now revise their definition.

Prussia fought the world, and so did France, but Frederick the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte are dead.

The Belgian hare is badly named. Germans are authorities for the statement that nothing Belgian runs at all.

Austria has its Servia and Germany its Belgium. What's the use of anybody else getting into it?

Now that the Australians have beaten the Germans at tennis, is there any real need for war?

The European war is unique in one respect. They can't blame it on the Democratic tariff.

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

The James River Clarion thinks there is no such thing as economical housekeeping. "An exchange has a department devoted to 'economical housekeeping,'" it says. "Probably intended as a joke."

"The Ohio State Journal is confident that there are newspapers in heaven," notes the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, adding: "In that event heaven can't possibly be heaven for newspaper men." Why worry?

While some Republicans are raging because our merchant marine is inadequate to cope with the present situation, the Staunton Leader calls attention to the fact that the Republicans are to blame. "We are now reaping the fruits of the Republican policy," it says. The Republicans did not bother about the merchant marine because the sentiment of the country would not allow subsidies, and only by subsidies could the situation be remedied in accordance with the wishes of the special interests. Better navigation laws would have been a great help, but then improvement of navigation laws would have given nobody a rake-off.

The Lexington Gazette advertises a Chautauqua for that town. It is spreading. Virginia towns not wishing to bring up the rear should get busy now.

The Pittsylvania Tribune gives good advice to tobacco growers. "Planters have commenced saving primings, and we believe many will be saved, cured and sold for good prices," it says, and adds: "That is right—save all of them. It is a very foolish practice to throw away a product there is a demand for, that is always salable, and the sooner it is entirely stopped, the better. The idea for throwing the leaves away is based on the belief that it lowers the price of tobacco. Why not extend the theory to corn, and pull the fodder and throw it away. Put the foolish thing in the background, and study how you can improve the primings. We understand Eastern Carolinians 'prime' the whole tobacco plant, and with great profit."

"The suspense in which the railroads have been so long kept by the commission in rendering a decision has done harm to business," says the Rockbridge County News, speaking of the railway rate increase decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The commission seems to have taken itself too seriously in trying to reform the railroad business of the country, while it was supposed to be considering only the question of rates. It should have granted the increase, no matter if it was the fault of the roads that the increase was needed. Then inquiry into methods would have been in order, and the rate could have been lowered after better business methods had been recommended and put into operation. Man-made law does not visit the sins of the father upon the children, and the railroads and business generally should not be made to suffer for the sins of directors of former days.

"Vote right," urges the Strasburg News, and everybody will. But there will be the usual difference of opinion as to what is right.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Census Shows We Live Longer.

While all Europe is engaged in war and millions of men are trying to kill each other, and millions of women and children are in danger of starvation, we have reformers in this country making a frantic campaign for the conservation of health by one fad or another, but all with the object of trying to live without eating. These dietary faddists are the latest, but they have a large company of veterans, who have for years been preaching against red meat and hot bread, beer and wine, cheese sandwiches, acid fruits and alcohol, so that with the whole propaganda in action it becomes a question of ignoring these lectures or trying to live on the old-fashioned prison fare of a crust of bread and a cup of water, if we want to conserve health and prevent the race on this side of the Atlantic dying off more rapidly than war can decimate the population of Europe.—Washington Herald.

War and Fashions.

The question whether this country is equal to devising its own fashions, now that war has cut off prospects of the importation of fall "creations" from Paris, will undoubtedly be answered in the affirmative. With all the man milliners of France shouldering guns and going forth to battle, the situation is a dreadful one for such as have looked to them alone for the necessary inspiration. But it will be met in the true spirit. Whether or not woman shall have clothes may, from time to time, seem a matter of small consequence. That she will have fashions, war or no war, is a foregone conclusion.

It is just possible, furthermore, that, cut off France and her sartorial creations, the United States may achieve its final emancipation in this respect. Why should we look servilely to another country and bow to the foreign yoke in the matter of clothes? Why not American fashions and American names for them, as well? Why not the Kokomo kimono and the Oshkosh vest? The New Jersey Panama has long waved, while the Plymouth Rock pant is scarcely less historic than the famous rock itself. Let the remainder of the country follow suit. There will be glory enough for all.—Washington Post.

Pay for the School Teachers.

The Federal Bureau of Education has just completed an investigation into the salaries which educators in the schools and colleges of the United States receive. The result is rather remarkable in a number of ways, but chiefly because of the wide difference in the salaries in different places.

The amount of the salaries for public elementary teachers ranges from $45 in some rural communities to $2,400 in larger cities a year. The salaries of county superintendents range from $115 to $4,000 a year. The salaries of college presidents range from $900 to $12,500 a year. Salaries of "professors" range from $450 to $7,500 a year, while the "assistants" get from $500 to $5,000 a year. It would be interesting to know what sort of school teacher can be employed at $45 a year, or what sort of county superintendent can do the work on a salary of $115 a year. There ought to be a constant effort made to raise the character of teachers all along the line. Most of them spend their salaries trying to improve themselves, which is most commendable. Most of the teachers deserve more salaries than they get. Under the present system there is too much sacrifice attached to the teacher's calling in many of the States. Georgia has shown much improvement lately, but there is still room for improvement.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Harvest Time in Europe.

Chancellor Lloyd George intimated yesterday that the government might assume charge of the harvest in the British Isles. In France an appeal was issued to the women of the country to harvest the wheat and wine crops. Conditions elsewhere are indicated in a report from Consul-General Mallett at Budapest, sent on July 11, before hostilities had been opened against Servia, that the Hungarian Minister of the Interior even then was reporting that there were not sufficient farm laborers to harvest the crops, the dearth of farm labor being greater than it had ever been before, owing largely to the exodus of Servians. If this was the case when war was only threatened, what must it be since the conflict spread to all Europe, with millions of men withdrawn from peaceful occupations by the mobilization of the armies? Coming on the eve of the harvest, war's horrors will be intensified by famine.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Too Easy.

"Have you been able to meet all the demands of your creditors?"

"Meet them! I haven't been able to avoid them."—Buffalo Express.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch August 11, 1864.

The shelling in front of Petersburg has been almost discontinued. Reports that Grant is removing troops from his present position still come. It is certain he is shifting the guns of Battery No. 5, but whether they are being removed or simply being replaced with others is as yet unknown.

The heavy explosion heard yesterday and the immense volume of smoke seen near Dunlop's, on the Petersburg Road, were caused by the accidental explosion of one of Butler's powder magazines. The amount of damage is as yet unknown.

Announcement has been made that General Simon B. Buckner has been appointed to succeed General Dick Taylor in the command of the Confederate army in East Louisiana. General Taylor was relieved of the command at his own request, there being a misunderstanding between him and General Kirby Smith dating back to the time of the defeat of Federal General Banks in May last.

The capture of the Federal raider General Stoneman, near Macon, Ga., is one of the most cheering signs of the times. The news of this event was slow reaching Richmond, but when it did come it created a great deal of enthusiasm. General Stoneman was sent out by Sherman to cut railway lines, capture the city of Macon and release some 1,200 Federal prisoners held there. He got within three miles of Macon, when General Joe Wheeler, with three brigades of cavalry, fell in on his rear just after he (Stoneman) had been repulsed by infantry in his front. General Wheeler effectually cut off Stoneman's retreat and soon had him hemmed in. There was nothing else to do, and the Federal general sent up the white flag. He and his staff removed their arms and made a complete surrender. Six hundred men surrendered with him, but 1,000 others broke and took to the woods, and are being vigorously pursued.

A distressing dispatch from Mobile reads as follows: It is painfully humiliating to have to announce the shameful surrender of Fort Gaines, at the mouth of Mobile Bay, to the Federal forces. The surrender was made without rhyme or reason by Colonel Charles Anderson, of the Twenty-first Alabama Regiment. He had 600 men, enough to hold the fort, but he sent up a white flag to the Federal ships, and in direct violation of orders from General Page, and without even attempting a defense, surrendered the fort.

Colonel Williams evacuated and blew up Fort Powell, on Mobile Bay. He could not hold out after the shameful surrender of Fort Gaines.

There was no demonstration in front of Atlanta yesterday and little or no fighting of any kind. The latest news is that Sherman is striving to extend his lines to the left, but Hood is prepared to meet any attempted flank movement.

From Northern papers just received some news is gathered: President Lincoln has revoked General Hunter's order banishing all Southern sympathizers from Central Maryland, and in so doing reprimanded Hunter in no uncertain terms.

Admiral Dahlgren has published a letter, in which he attempted to prove that his son Ulrich did not write the "butcher" orders found on his person after he was killed and his dead body captured.

General Phil Sheridan has been placed in temporary command of the defenses of Washington and the Middle Department, including Maryland and the Department of the Shenandoah.

The latest quotation of gold in New York was 258.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

All of the Real News.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Allow me to express my appreciation of the full news columns your good paper is carrying in these days of war and rumors of war. The many extras that are coming out every hour in the early parts of the day and along in the afternoon are deceiving. We get the news, the real news, from the old reliable, and it may be comforting to you to know that we are depending upon the old reliable Times-Dispatch for the real news of the day.

I want to congratulate you especially on the Monday edition. It had the news, and none of the extras that I have so far read had any that was later, and I have read them up to 4 o'clock this afternoon.

D. G. H.

Richmond, August 10.

Assessments on Racing Horses.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—What is the object of Henrico County authorities in trying to drive progressive horse raisers from the county by tax assessments far in excess of the sale value of the horses? I am informed that one horse of C. K. G. Billings, The Harvester, now at Curl's Neck Farm, has been assessed for 1914 by the commissioner of the revenue of Varina District at $50,000, and that fifty-four other horses on the farm have been assessed at $500 each, or $27,000. Is that the average assessment on horses throughout the county? Prices on trotting horses are sentimental, for they have no earning capacity. I do not think any one believes the horses at Curl's Neck Farm would bring $500 each if sold at auction. In comparison with the $50,000 assessment of one horse in Henrico, I find that in Fayette County, Ky., where horse breeding is encouraged, the following assessments: Moke, $2,500; Walnut Hall, $2,500; San Francisco, $1,500; Manrico, $1,500; Plaudit, $1,000; Ogden, $500; Silico, $100; Star Shoot, $3,500; Ballot, $5,000; Peter the Great, $3,500; Trap Rock, $1,000; Watervale, $1,000. As it is well known that real estate in Henrico is assessed far below its market value, what is the object of the assessors in trying to drive horse breeders from the State?

W. B. S.

Richmond, Va., August 10.

War and the Workers.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Think what we may of fraternalism, socialism, unionism among workers and similar combinations for the alleged betterment of the masses, the spirit that actuates men in Berlin, in Paris, in London and in New York to one common end—the comradeship of all workers—speaks volumes for the growing intelligence of the people themselves.

In Paris a newspaper calls the wage earners together; they sing "L'Internationale," the workers' song of brotherhood, and shout "Vive la paix!" (long live peace) and "A bas la guerre!" (down with war).

In Berlin the Social-Democrats assemble and resolve with great acclaim in denouncing war and in upholding world-wide fraternity.

In London the same spirit expresses itself along the same lines; so in New York, Chicago, and even in Richmond resolutions are passed, maintaining that all races are brothers, and pointing out that unjust wars mean little less than fratricide. The spirit of the Prince of Peace works through the industrials as well as through the Carnegies and the Jordans. There is a tremendous potency in this attitude of the workers toward war in general, and towards this European war in particular. It begins to look as though this spirit will become more powerful than The Hague, more difficult to control than the diplomats, and some of these are chafing badly under undue restraint. The great middle class of the world, and especially of Europe, still responds to the clamor for war; few of them enter the ranks of the fighters. The upper class suffers on the fields of battle solely in the persons of their substitutes. Now the workers, becoming conscious of their own class interest, respond to the call of internationalism and refuse to be hurled at the will of Emperors and Kings upon their brothers of other lands.

The burden of war falls heaviest upon the masses of the people—the workers of the world. These recruit the ranks of the armies that fatten the fields of death. Upon the people rests the burden of high prices, the ultimate toil of war taxation. Its wives and mothers and children become widowed and orphaned. And to what end?

Thousands upon thousands from America will return to their Fatherland to take part in warfare. Why? To satisfy the pride of Austria; that Germany may stay Russia's aggressions; that France may be revenged for the rape of Alsace and Lorraine. Not a gleam of hope beams anywhere in the quarrel for the welfare of human beings. No outlook of betterment for industrials. And the workers of Europe and America are saying that it shall not be and resolve against the crime of fratricide.

Yours truly, G. E. WRAY.

Chesterfield, Va.

Each Finger Has Its Share of Blame

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.

—From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Trey O' Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is possible to read "The Trey O' Hearts" in The Times-Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at the Superior Theatre. Synopsis of preceding chapters: Alan Law, a wealthy young American, drops asleep while sitting in a London club. When he awakes he finds a freshly plucked rose at his elbow, though nobody is in the room except himself. He is startled, because on parting with Rose Trine a year before she had promised to send him a rose if she would consent to marry him. A few minutes later he finds an envelope addressed to him, which proves to contain nothing but a trey of hearts. This completely mystifies him. Meanwhile in New York Seneca Trine, a wealthy cripple, receives a cablegram, and then summons to his side his beautiful daughter, Judith, twin sister of Rose.

CHAPTER III—THE FEUD.

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of the shadows.

With the firm, quick stride of high-strung youth she went directly to her father, bent over and touched her lips lightly to his forehead.

He made no acknowledgment of the caress, but her quick ears caught the rustle of the paper crushed anew in the grasp of his hand; and she experienced an intuition of something momentous impending in her life.

"You sent for me, father?"

He replied brusquely: "Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Now turn the light upon your face." As she complied without any evidence of surprise, the dull red glow lighted up a face of exquisite beauty, an eager, passionate face mirroring the spirit of quenchless youth.

After some moments of searching inspection, her father nodded slightly as if with satisfaction.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

"And your sister's birthday; Rose, too, is twenty-one."

A slight frown clouded Judith's face; but she replied, quietly: "Yes."

"You could have forgotten that—" the old man pursued, almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled with the intensity of her feeling. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."

"And which would you say was—light?"

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I"—the girl smiled strangely—"I think—I am more your daughter than my mother's."

A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you know. . . . Before I was brought to this"—the wasted hand made a significant gesture—"I was a man of strong passions. . . . Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—?"

The girl laughed briefly: "Only ask it!"

"And how far would you go to do my will—?"

"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

The old man permitted himself an odd, mirthless chuckle.

"You talk as if you would even kill a man—?"

"You know I would—if you asked it of me."

Seneca Trine nodded gravely. "I know," he said, "I know!" And after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," he announced.

The girl half started from her chair, whether with surprise or some less superficial emotion, but with visible effort controlled herself.

"Oh, I know—I know!" the father affirmed with a faint ring of satisfaction. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of this living tomb; but all things I should know—somehow—I come to know in course of time!"

"It's true—that Englishman she scraped acquaintance with on the Riviera last year—what's his name?—Law, Alan Law."

"In the main," the father corrected mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not English. His father was Wellington Law, of Law & Son—the bankers."

"And then it came to pass that we both loved one woman."

She knew better than to interrupt, but her seeming patience was belied by the whitening knuckles of a hand that lay within the little pool of blood-red light.

And presently the deep voice rolled on: "Law and I were once friends; then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart; too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave me, nor I him. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall Street. One of us had to fail—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central Park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East Drive I was struck by a motor car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am to-day. Law triumphed in the street, while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his s—. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me."

[Continued To-morrow]